

THE MAKO COLLECTION presents

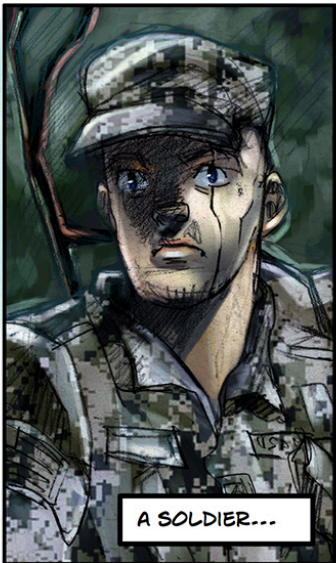
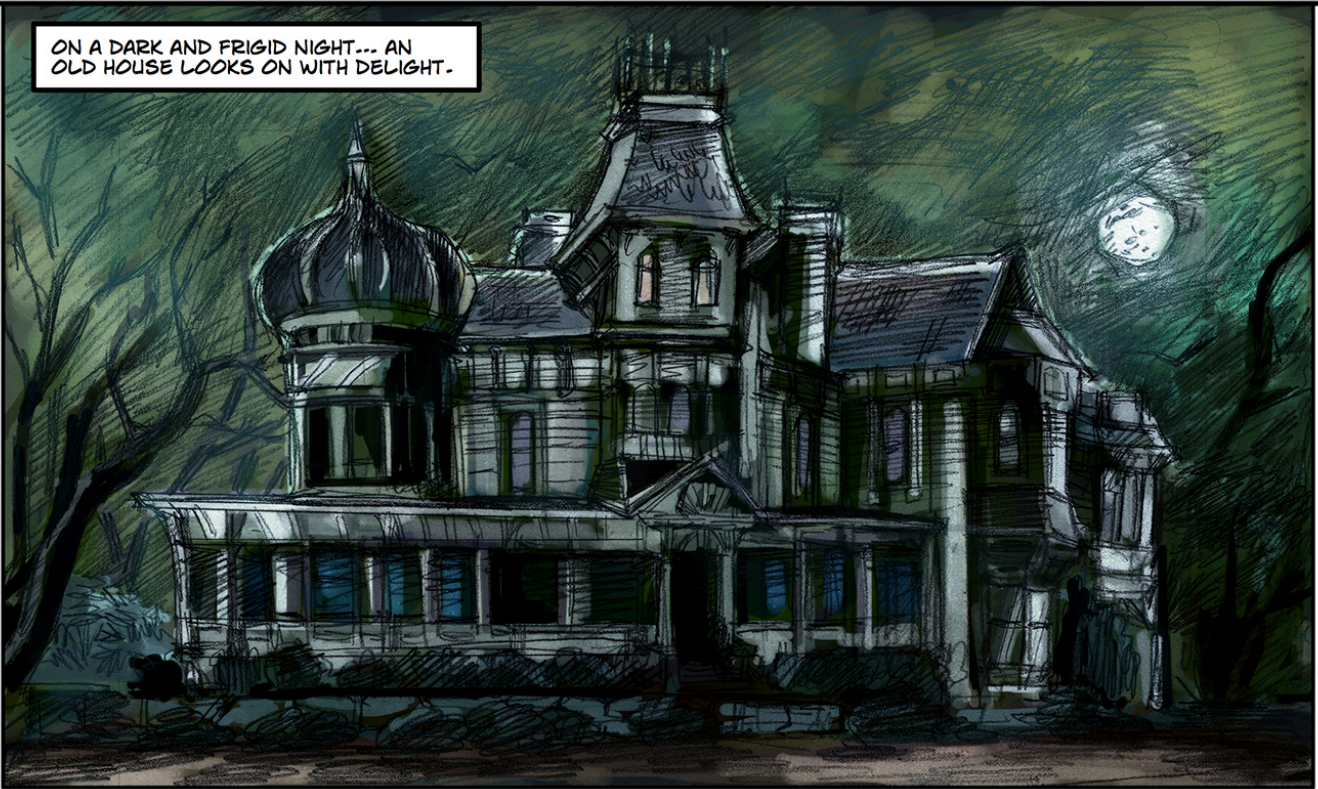
# “Lady Of The House”

story by  
**MAKO**

pencil and inking by  
**ANDREA MONTANO**

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ON A DARK AND FRIGID NIGHT... AN OLD HOUSE LOOKS ON WITH DELIGHT.



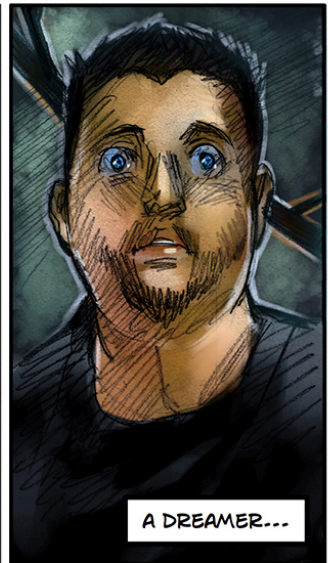
A SOLDIER...



AN ELDER...

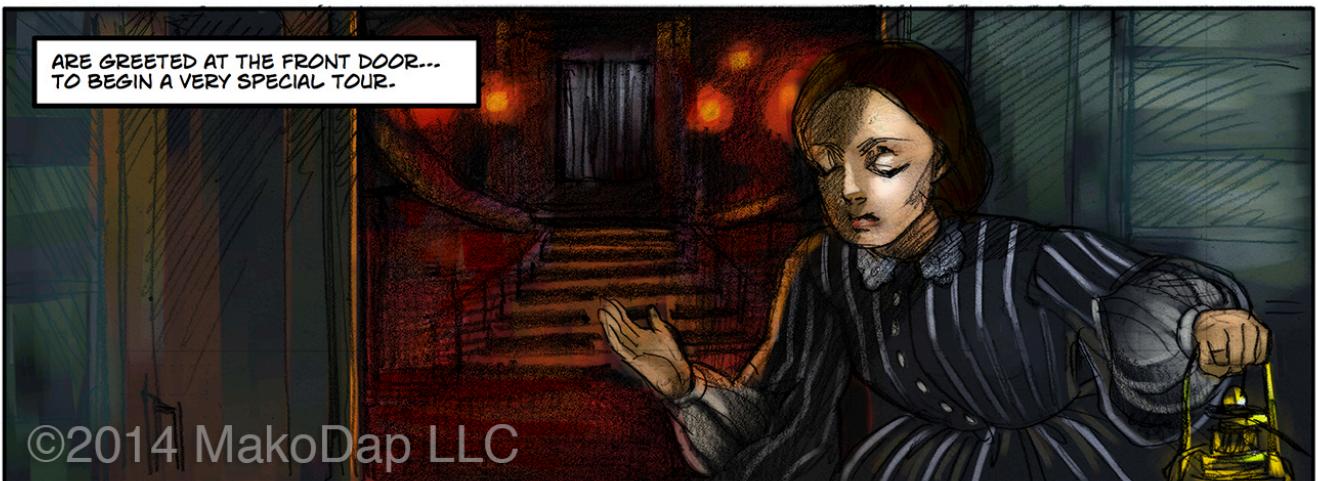


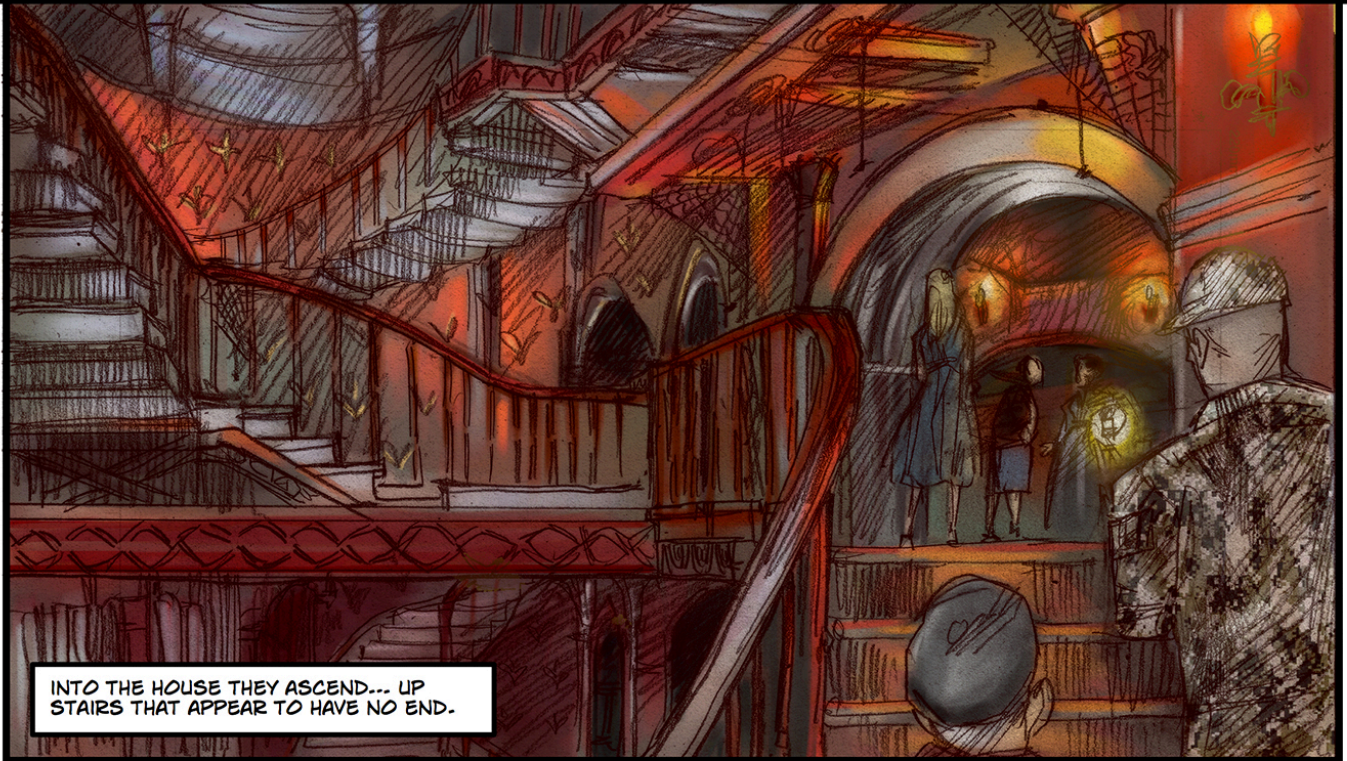
A LOVER...



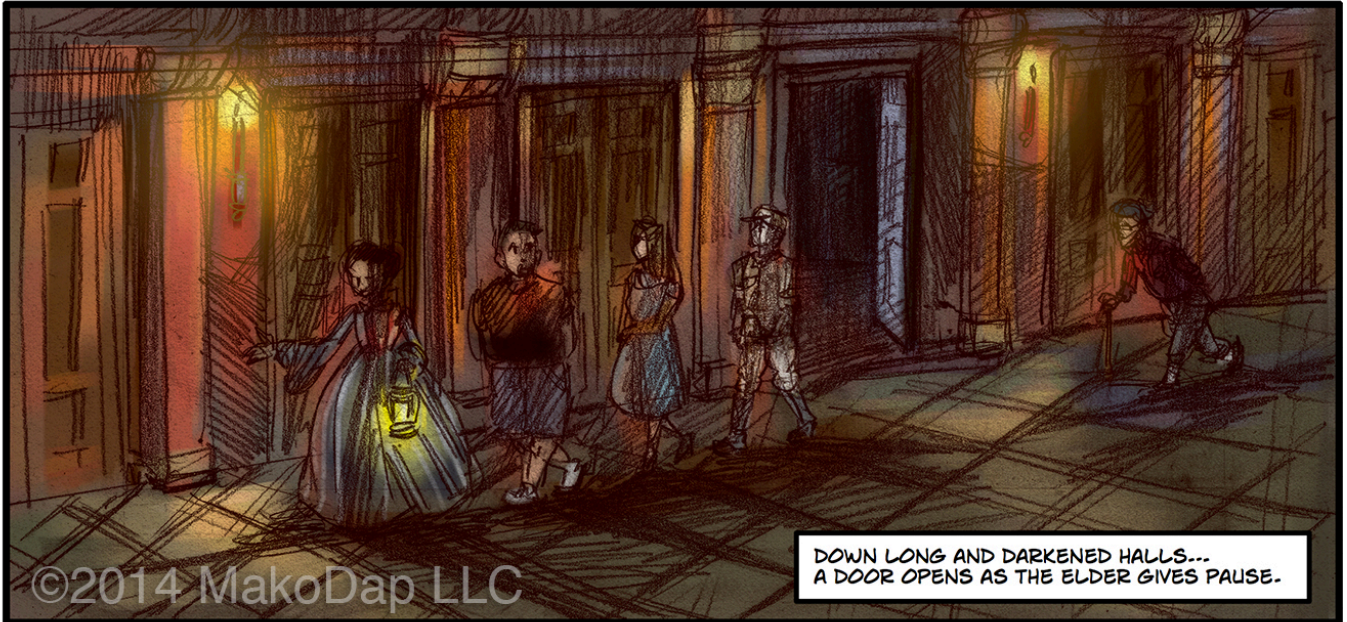
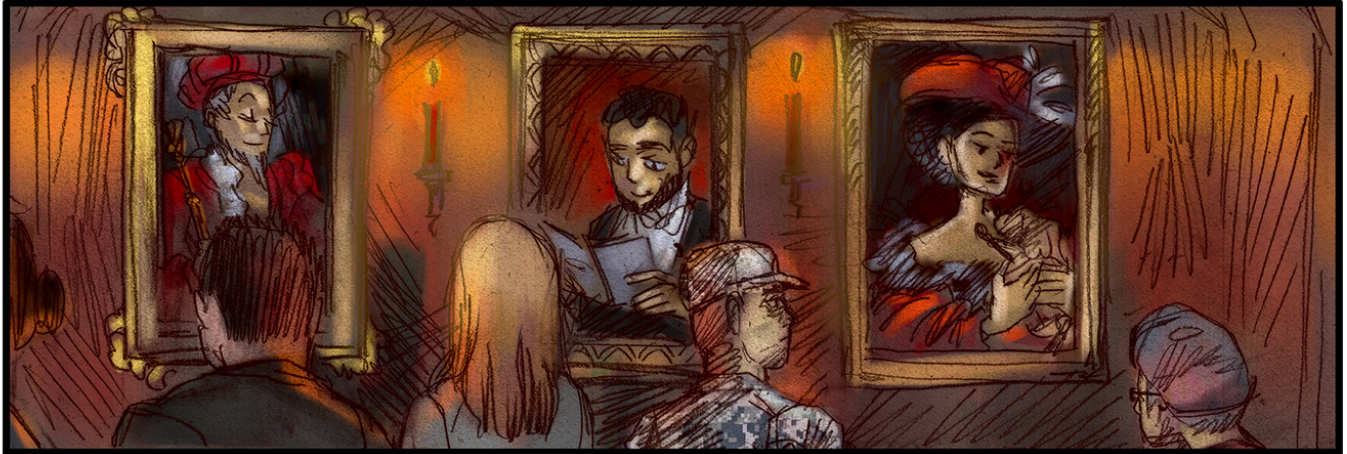
A DREAMER...

ARE GREETED AT THE FRONT DOOR... TO BEGIN A VERY SPECIAL TOUR.

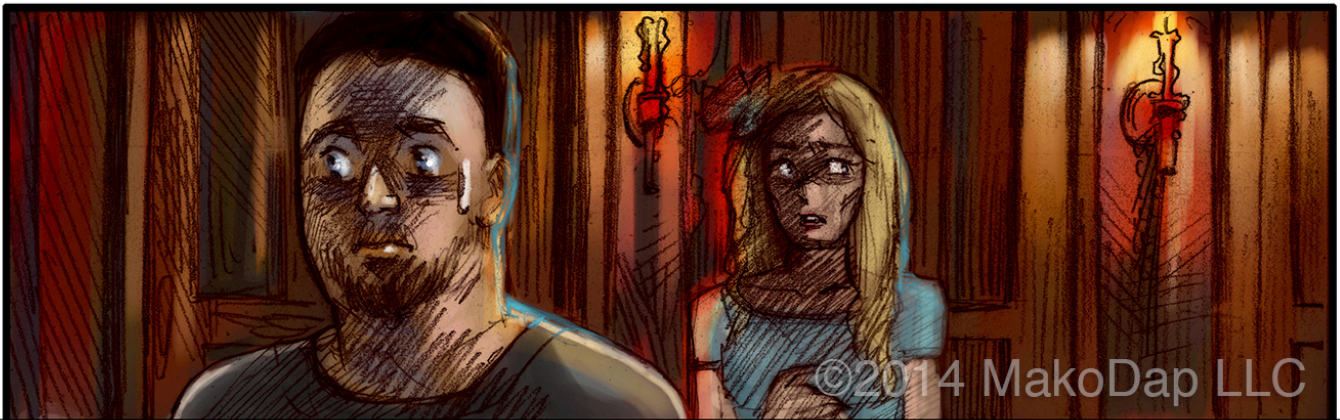
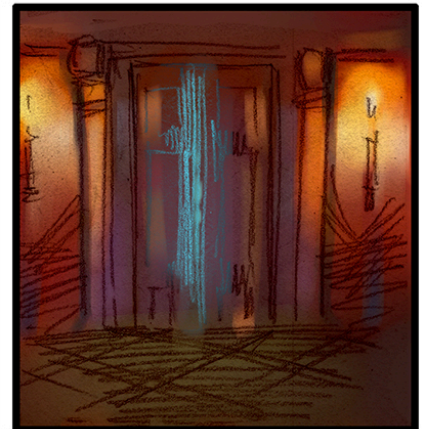
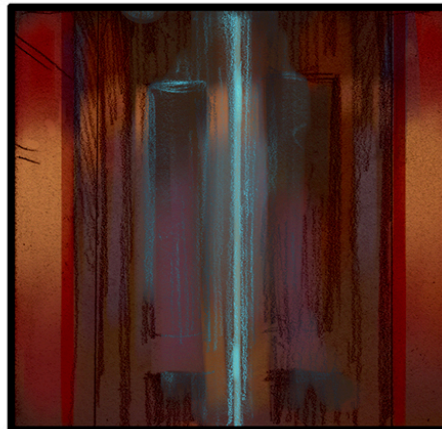
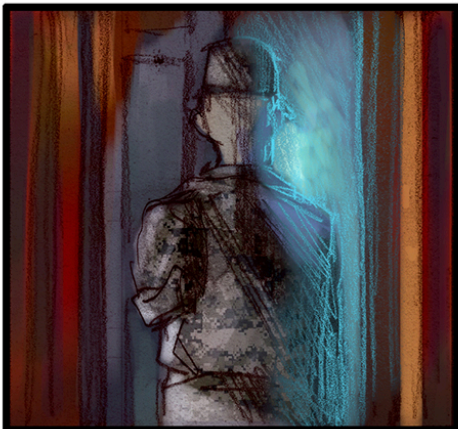
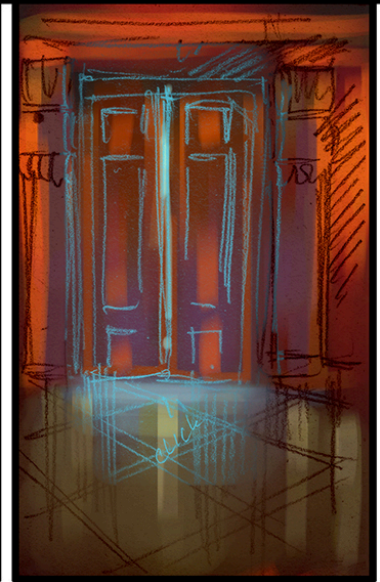


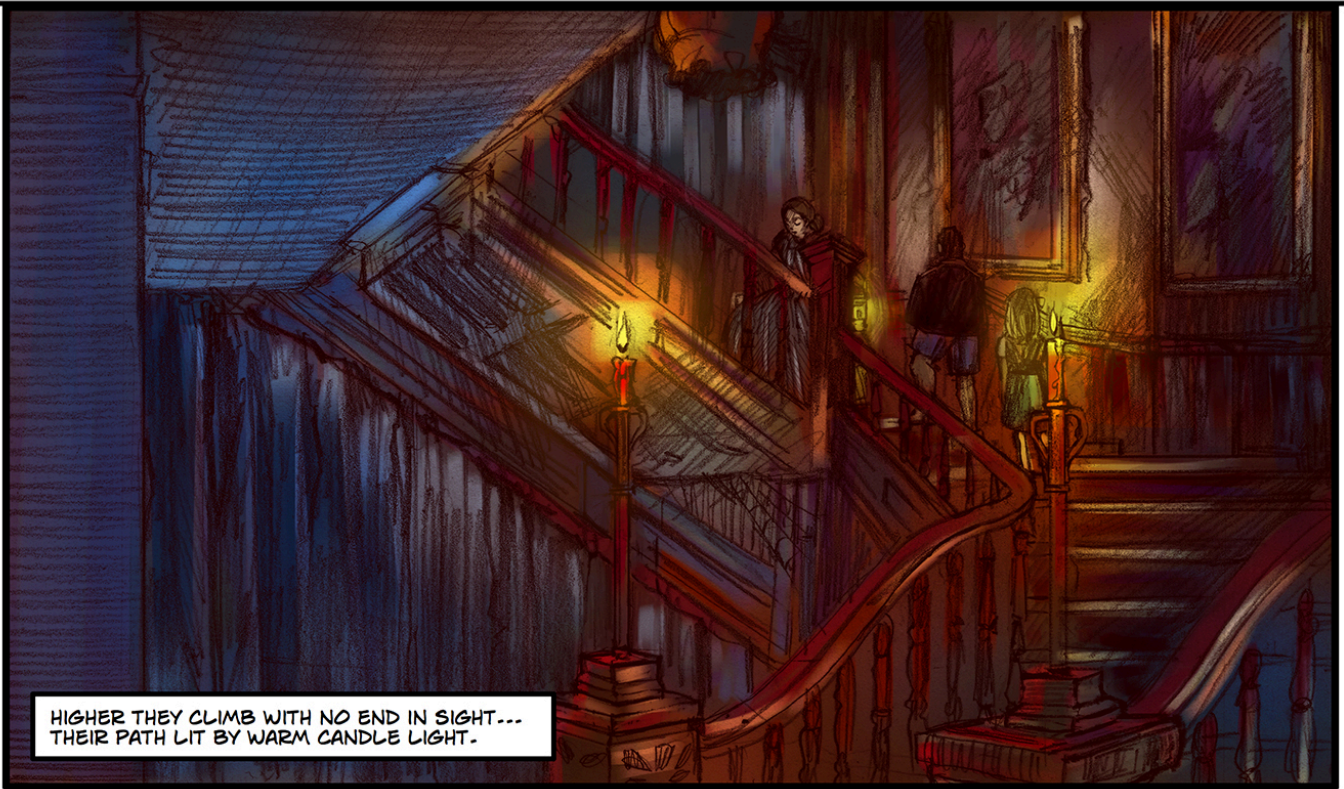


INTO THE HOUSE THEY ASCEND... UP STAIRS THAT APPEAR TO HAVE NO END.



DOWN LONG AND DARKENED HALLS... A DOOR OPENS AS THE ELDER GIVES PAUSE.





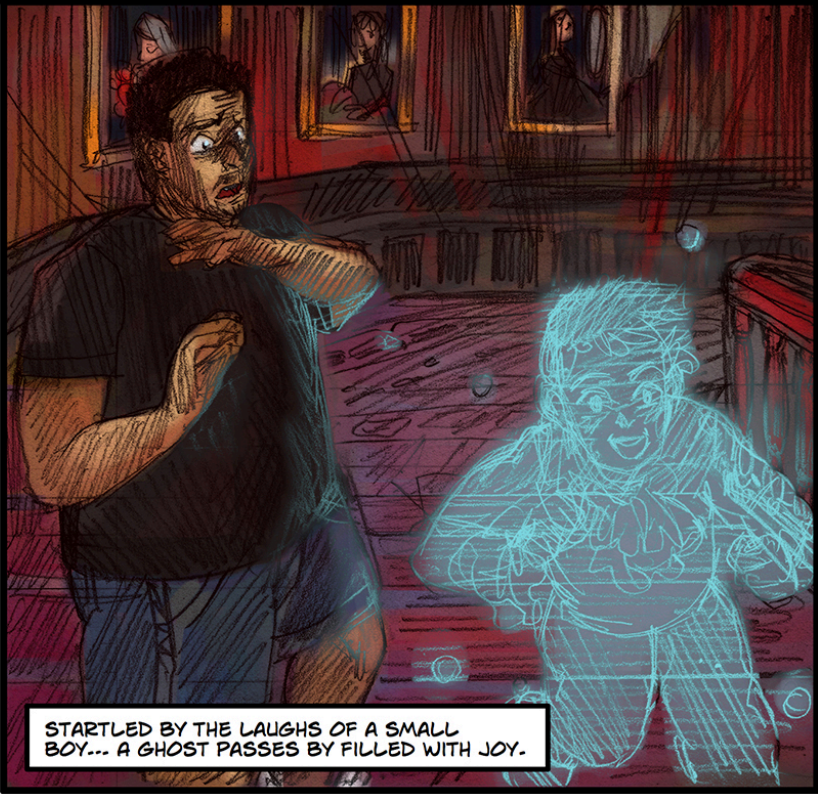
HIGHER THEY CLIMB WITH NO END IN SIGHT...  
THEIR PATH LIT BY WARM CANDLE LIGHT.



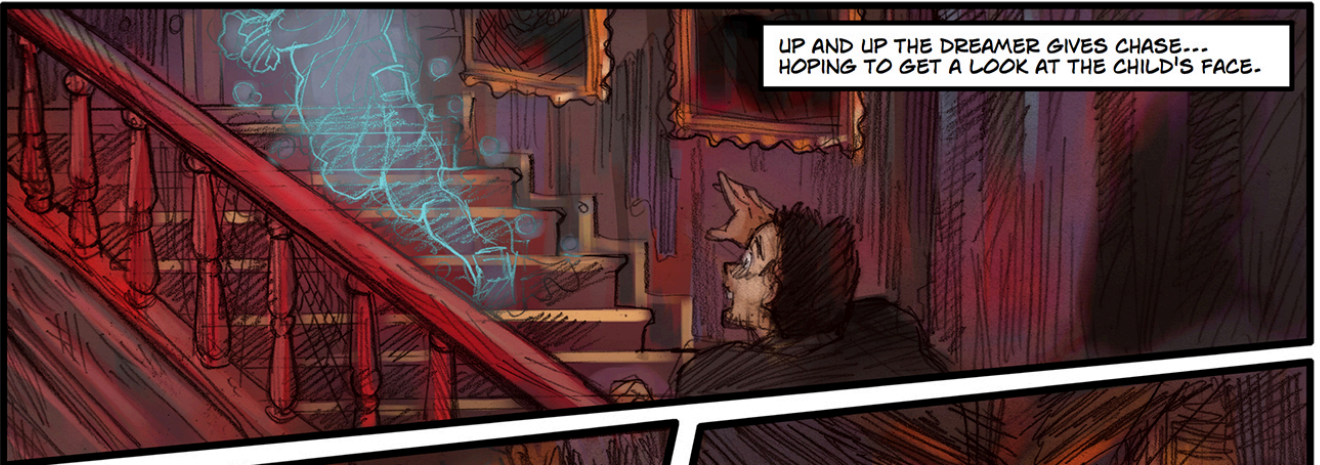
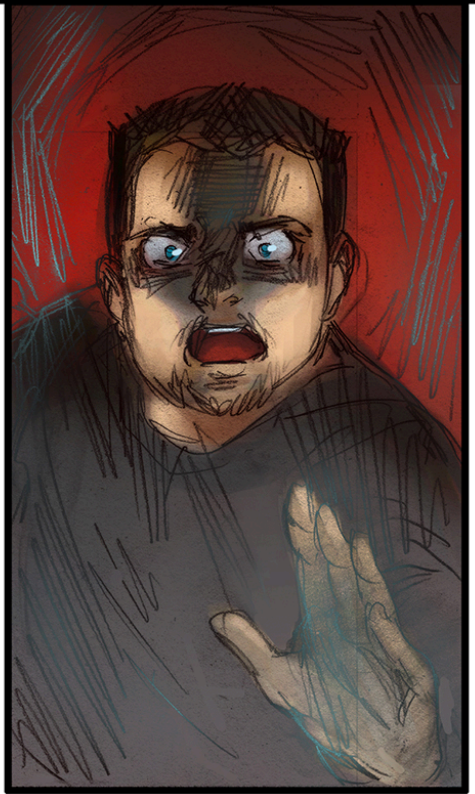
A FAMILIAR FACE OF A SOLDIER NOW GONE...  
IS FILLED WITH PRIDE AND EXALTATION.



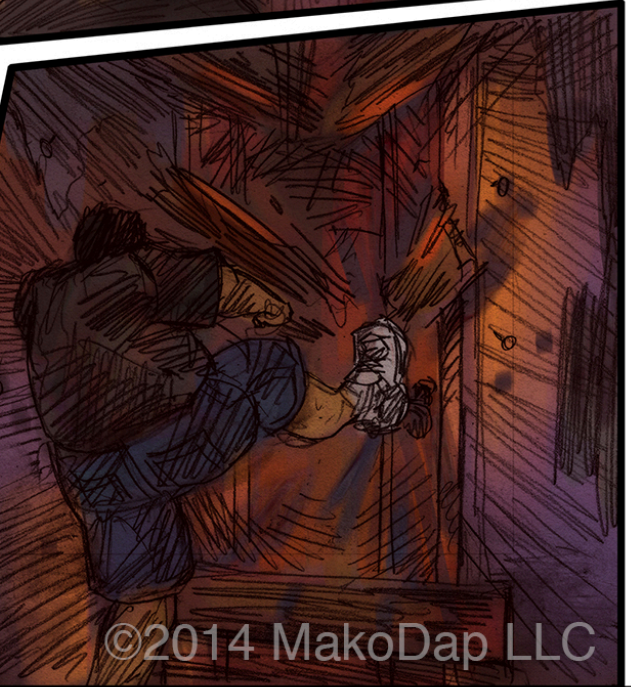
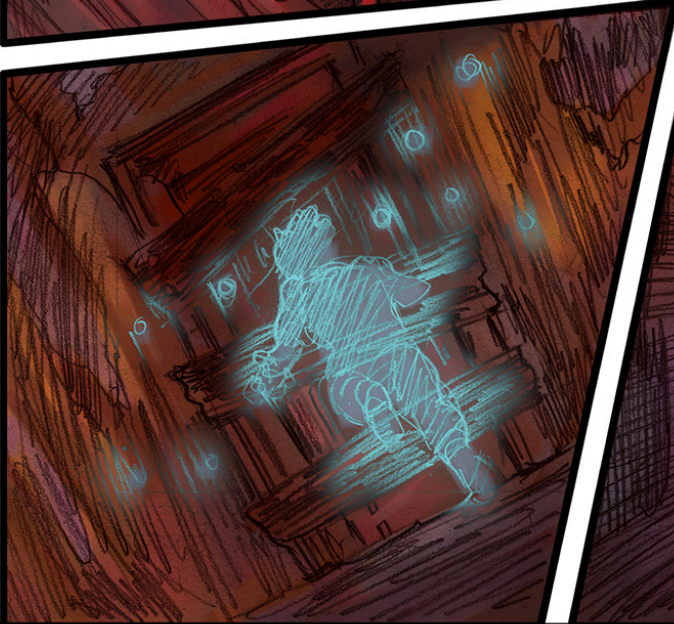
AND NOW ALONE THE DREAMER HAS BECOME...  
LOST IN A HOUSE OF DISORIENTATION.



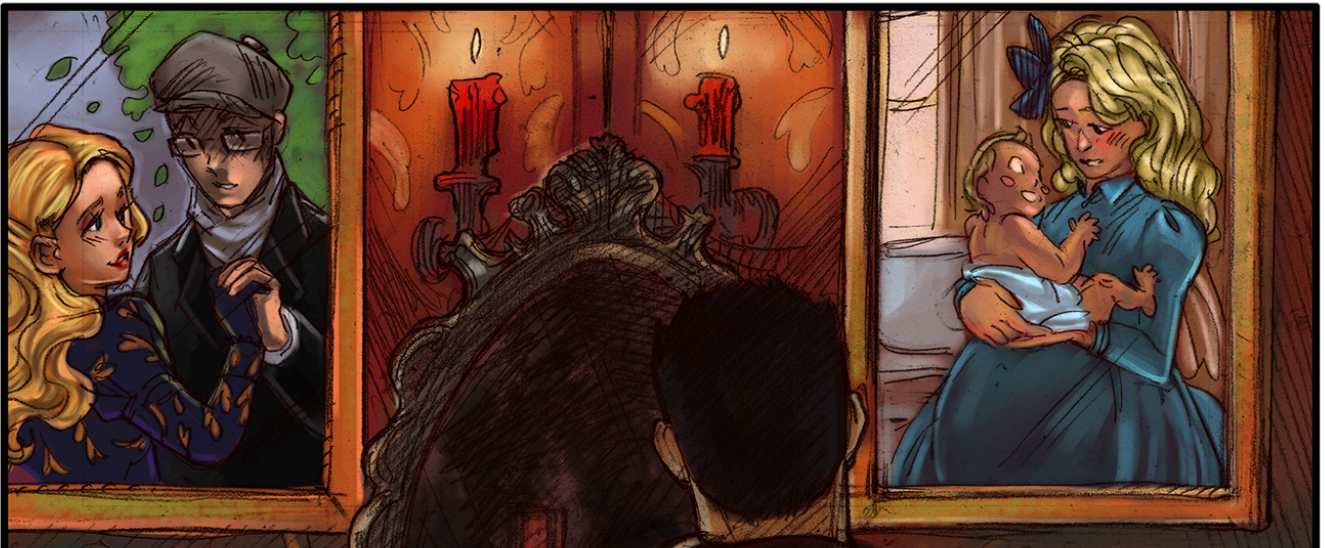
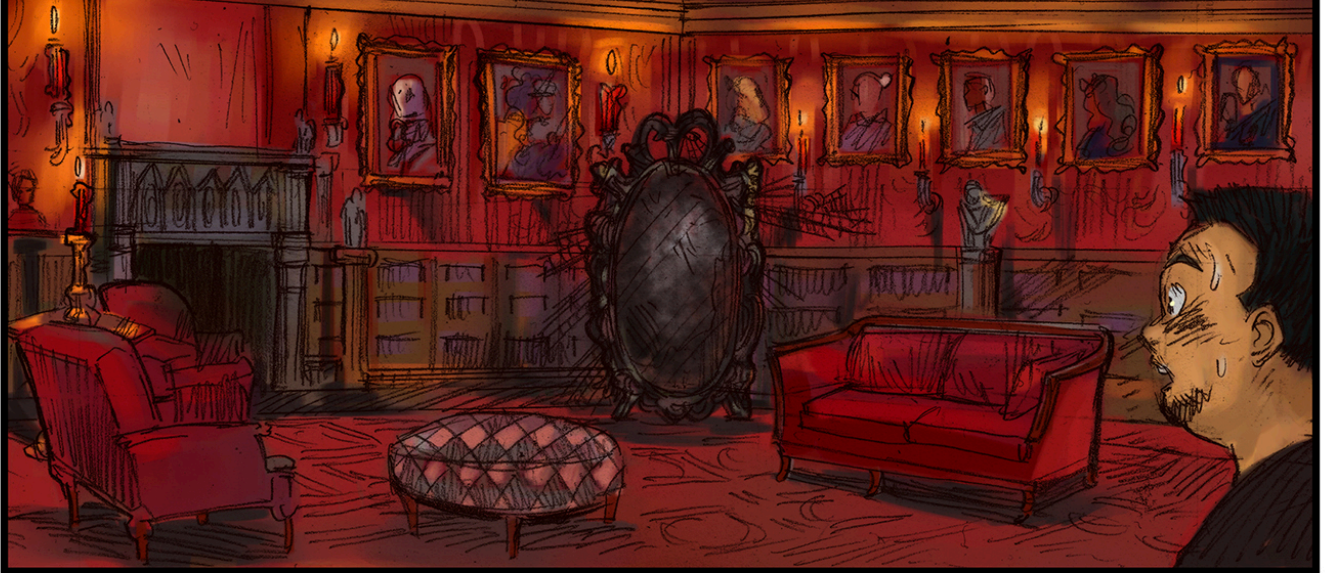
STARTLED BY THE LAUGHS OF A SMALL BOY... A GHOST PASSES BY FILLED WITH JOY.



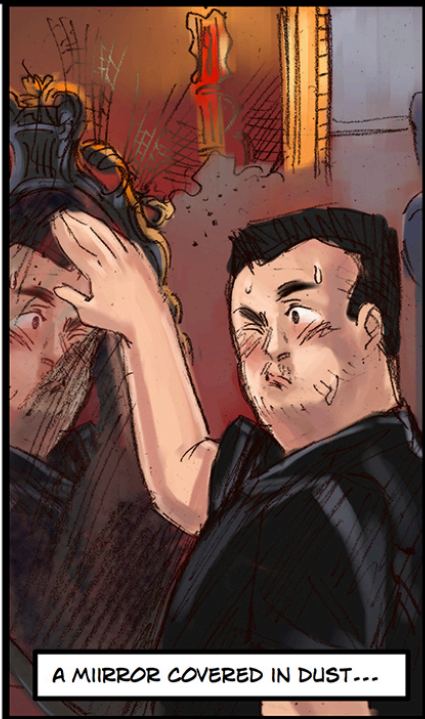
UP AND UP THE DREAMER GIVES CHASE... HOPING TO GET A LOOK AT THE CHILD'S FACE.



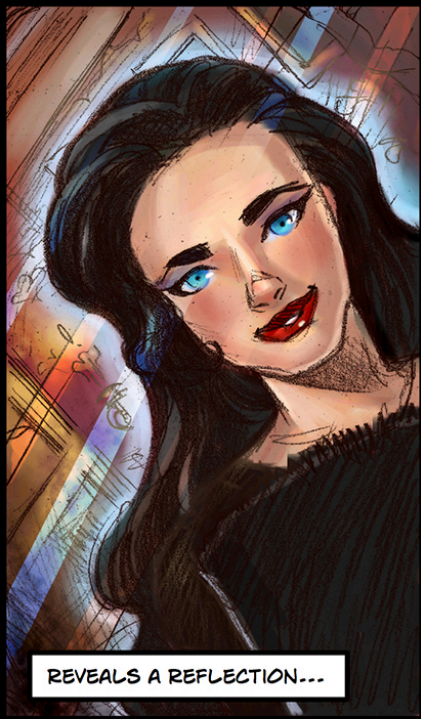
VANISHED FROM SIGHT THE DREAMER LOOKS AROUND...  
BUT THE GHOST BOY IS NOW NO WHERE TO BE FOUND.



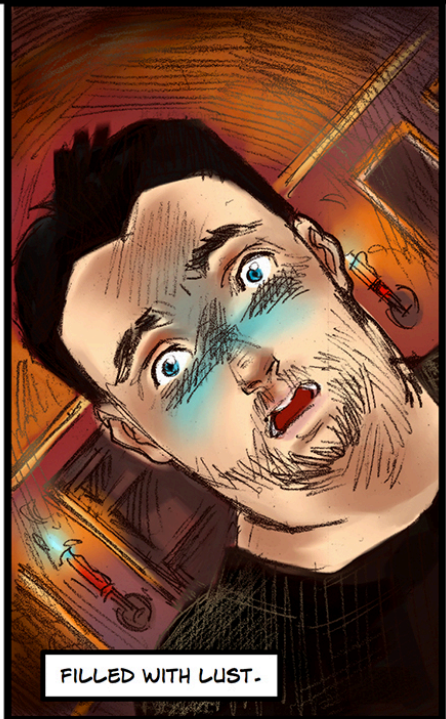
AN ELDER NOW YOUNG IS TOGETHER AGAIN WITH HIS SOUL MATE...  
WHILE A MOTHER HOLDS THE BABY SHE LOST TO A DARK FATE.



A MIIRROR COVERED IN DUST...



REVEALS A REFLECTION...



FILLED WITH LUST.



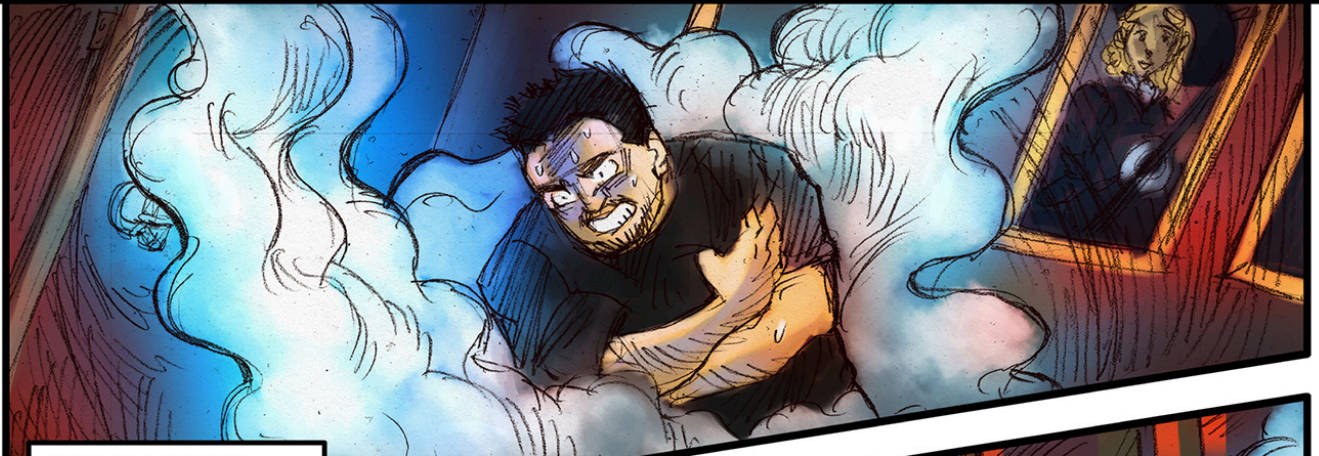
I AM THE WOMAN INSIDE YOU. DO YOU WANT TO BE ME?



YES, I WANT TO BECOME YOU AND SET YOU FREE.

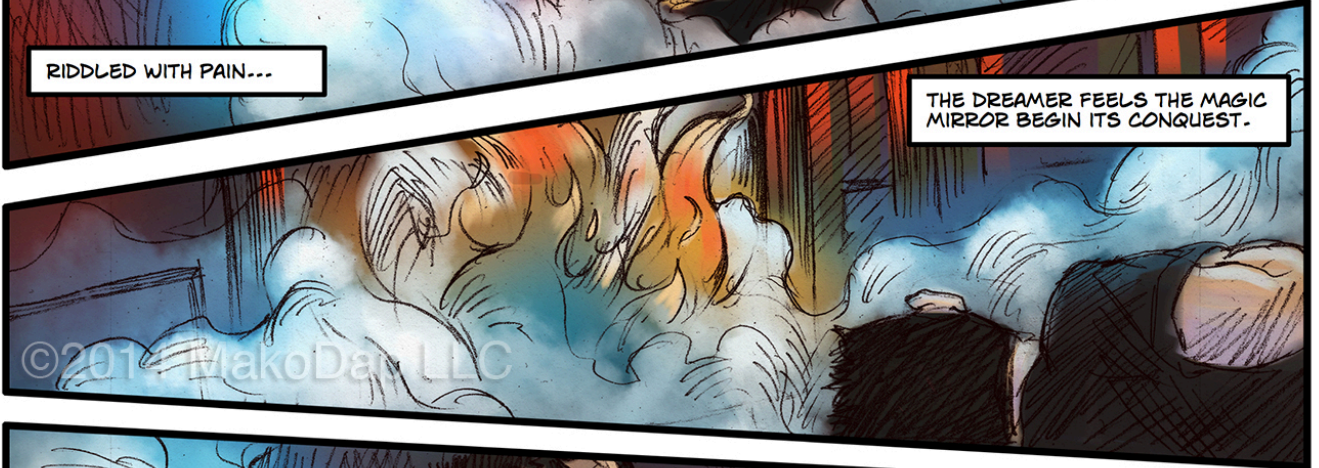


A BLINDING LIGHT STRIKES WITH PURPOSE... THE DREAMER NOW OVERCOME WITH INTENSENESS.

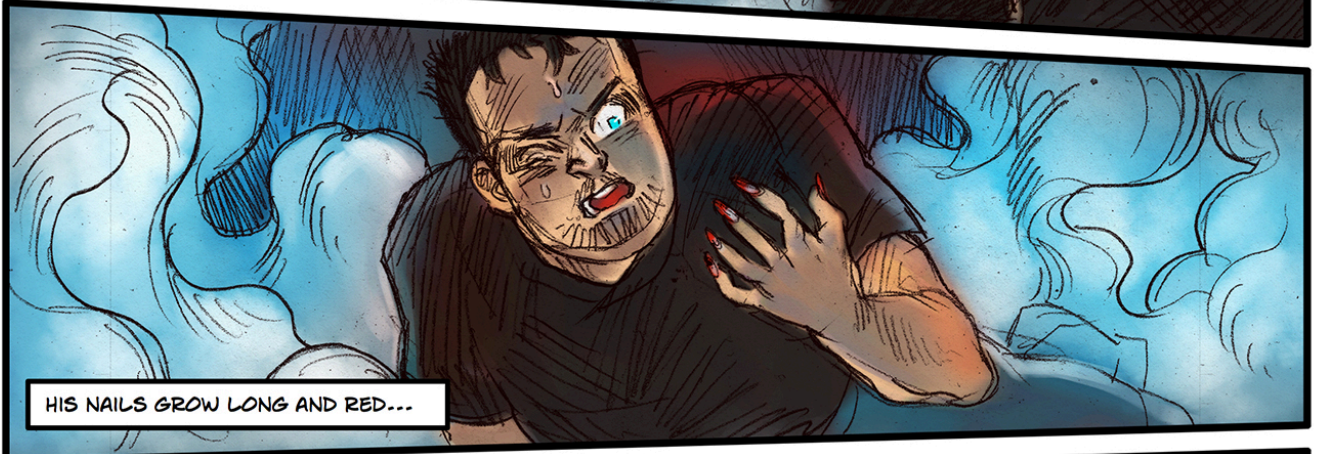


RIDDLED WITH PAIN...

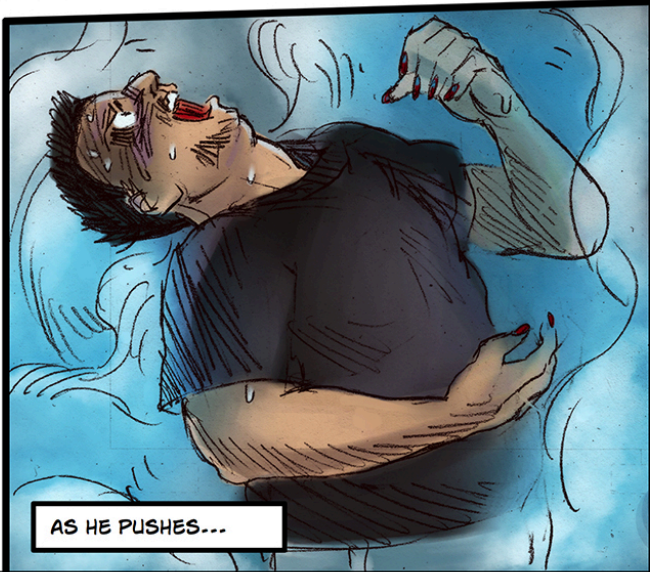
THE DREAMER FEELS THE MAGIC MIRROR BEGIN ITS CONQUEST.



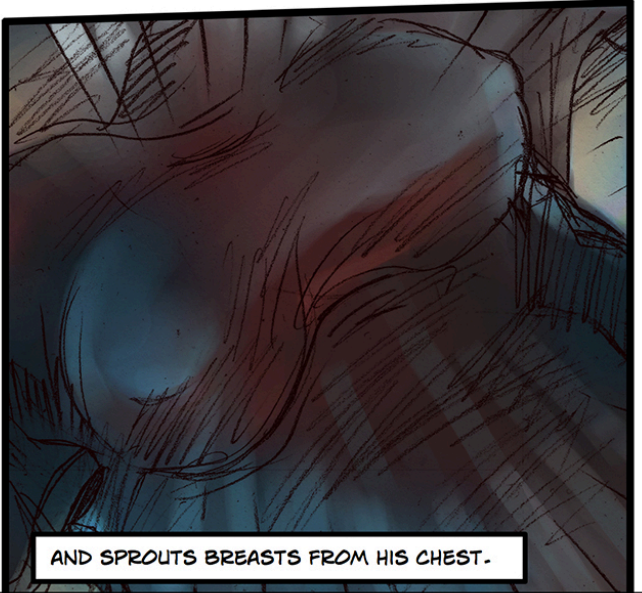
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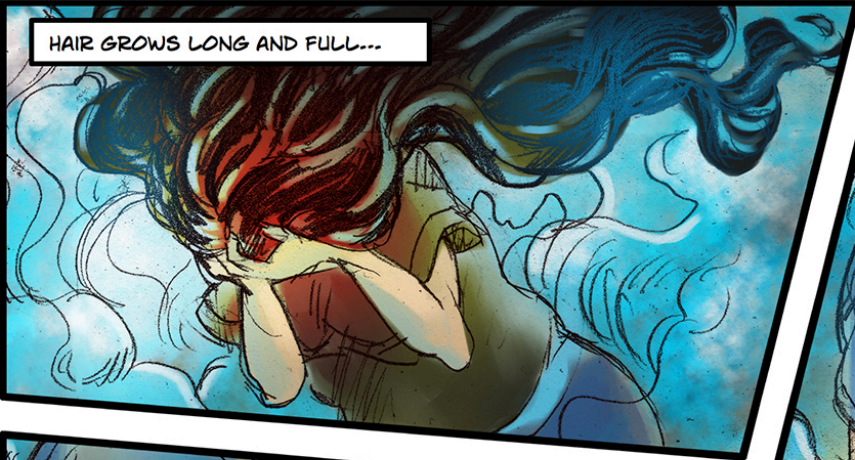
HIS NAILS GROW LONG AND RED...



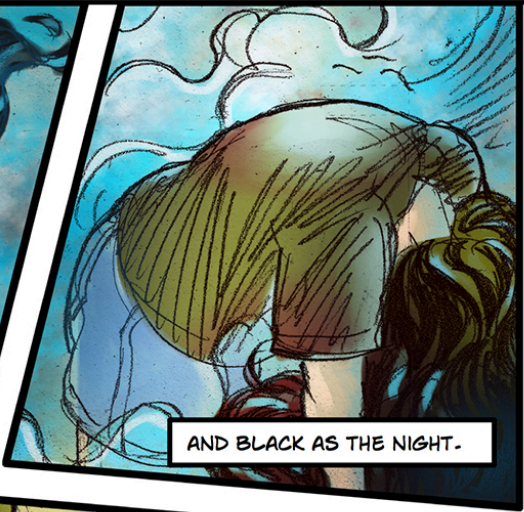
AS HE PUSHES...



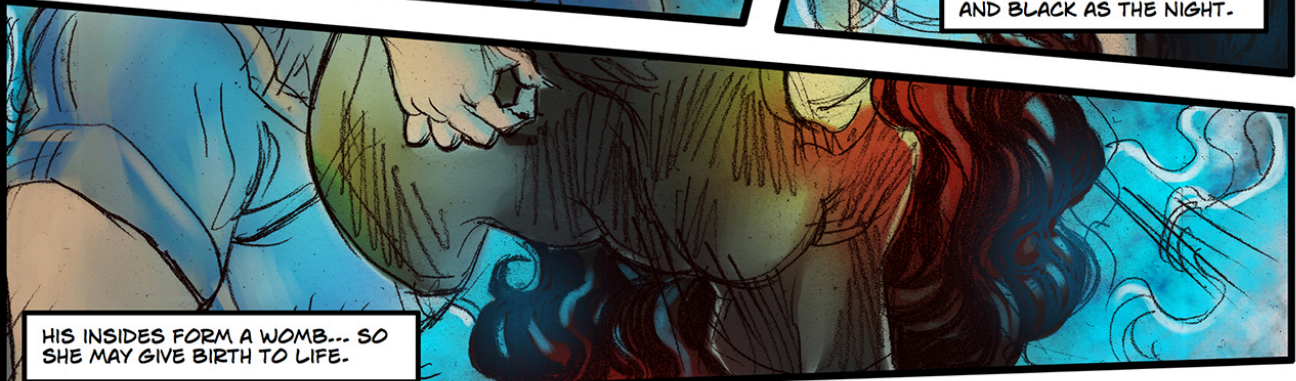
AND SPROUTS BREASTS FROM HIS CHEST.



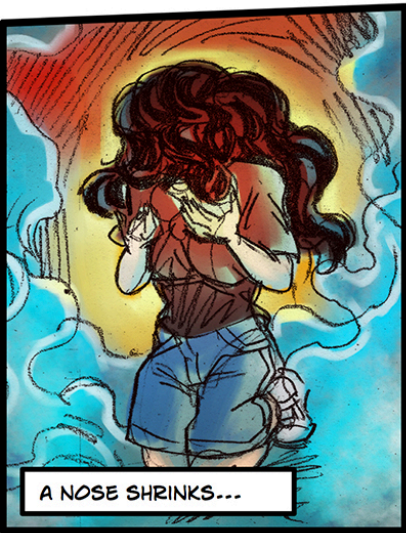
HAIR GROWS LONG AND FULL...



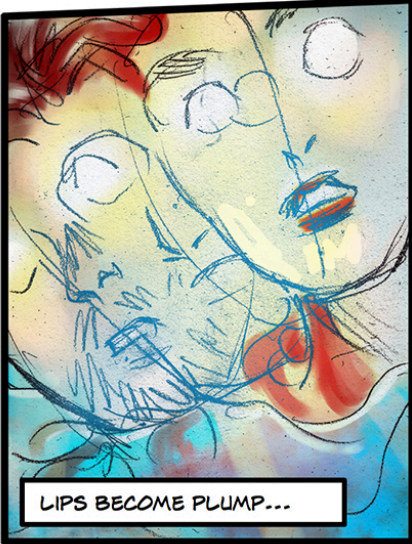
AND BLACK AS THE NIGHT.



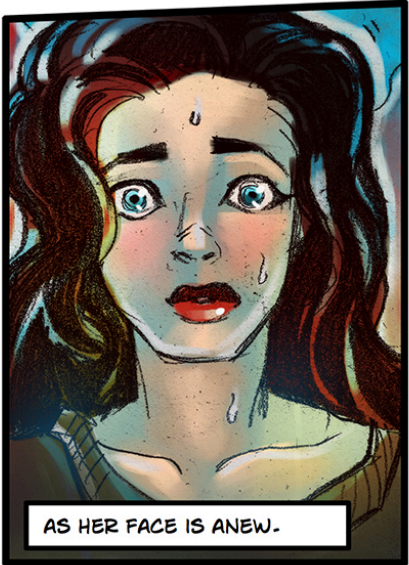
HIS INSIDES FORM A WOMB... SO SHE MAY GIVE BIRTH TO LIFE.



A NOSE SHRINKS...



LIPS BECOME PLUMP...



AS HER FACE IS ANEW.



A WOMAN THE DREAMER HAS NOW BECOME... A FLOWER OVERDUE.

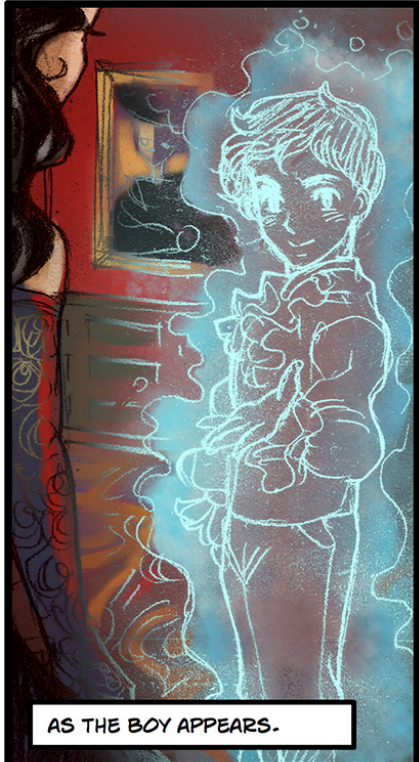


BLACK AS HER HAIR A DRESS FORMS ON HER BODY... VOLUPTUOUS AND BEAUTIFUL SHE IS NOW SO LOVELY.

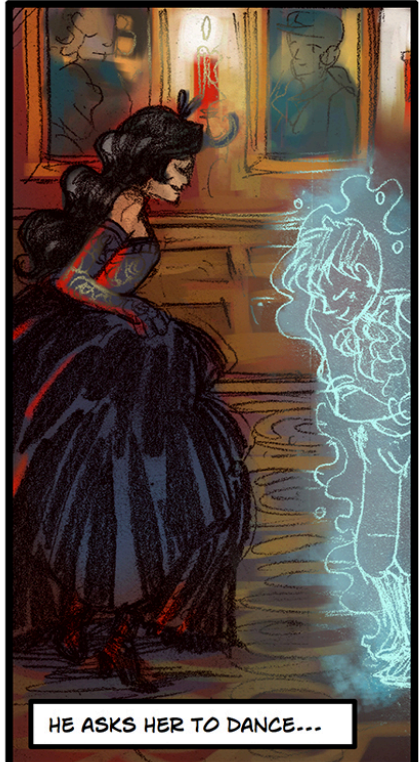
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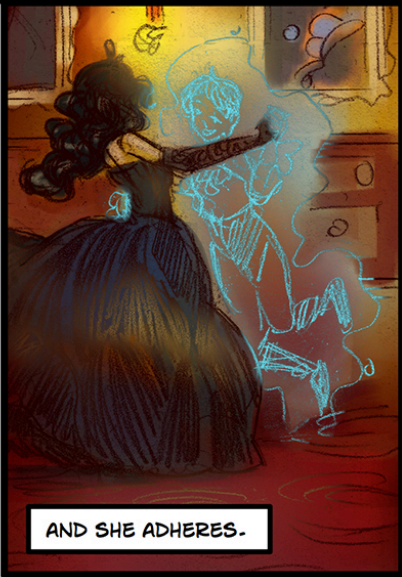
SO HAPPY SHE SMILES...



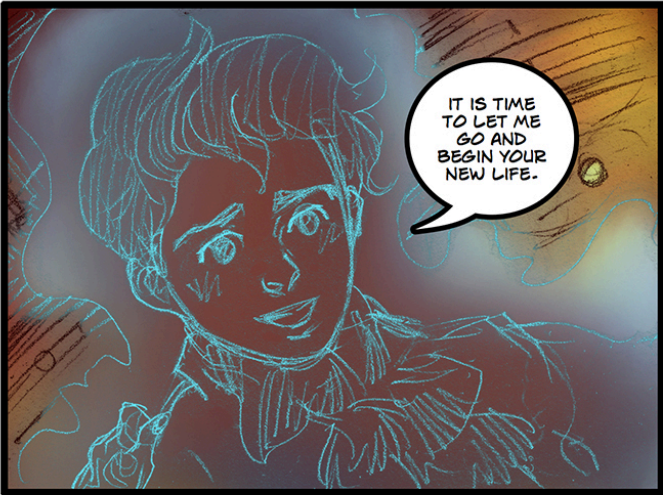
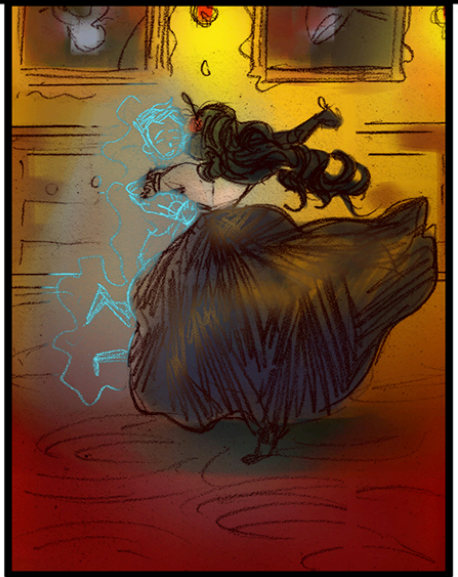
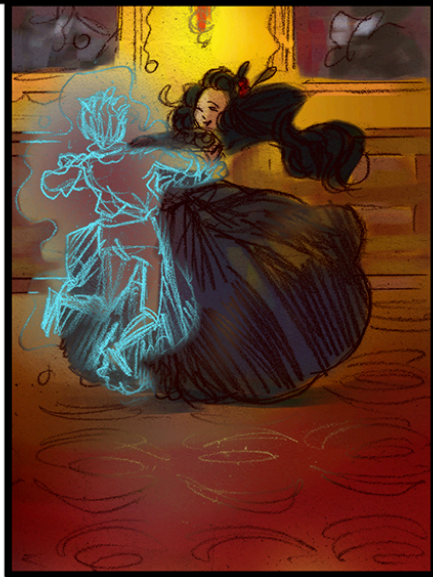
AS THE BOY APPEARS.



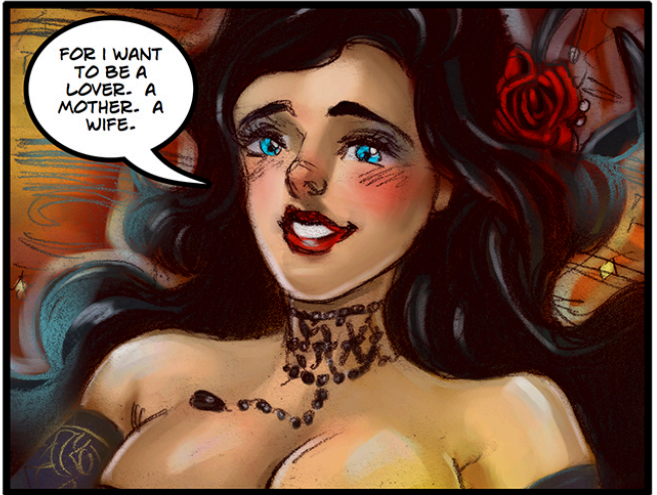
HE ASKS HER TO DANCE...



AND SHE ADHERES.



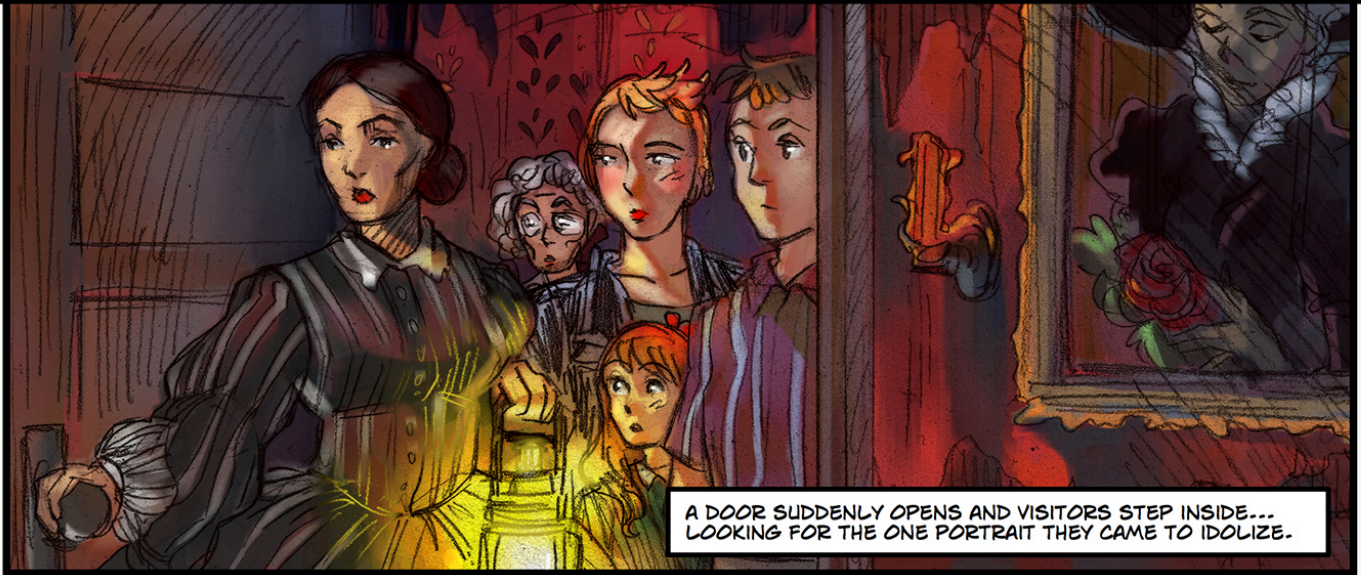
IT IS TIME TO LET ME GO AND BEGIN YOUR NEW LIFE.



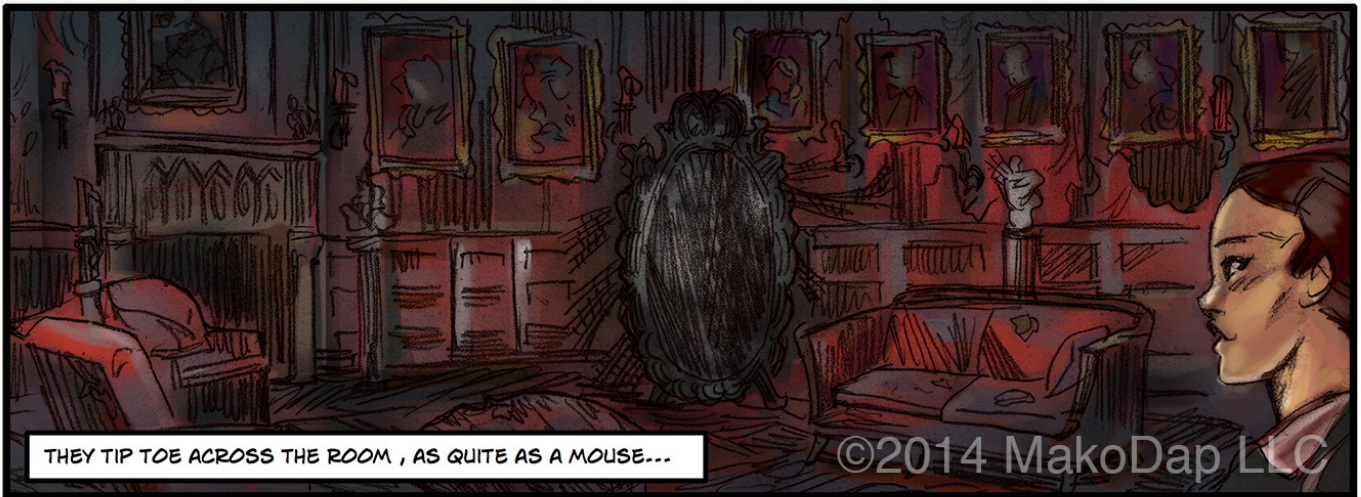
FOR I WANT TO BE A LOVER. A MOTHER. A WIFE.



DANCING AND DANCING THE BOY BEGAN TO FADE AWAY... AS THE DREAMER UNDERSTOOD THE ROLE SHE HAD YET TO PLAY.

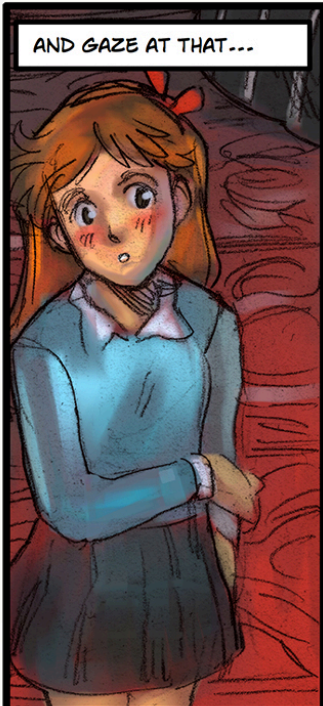


A DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS AND VISITORS STEP INSIDE...  
LOOKING FOR THE ONE PORTRAIT THEY CAME TO IDOLIZE.



THEY TIP TOE ACROSS THE ROOM , AS QUIET AS A MOUSE...

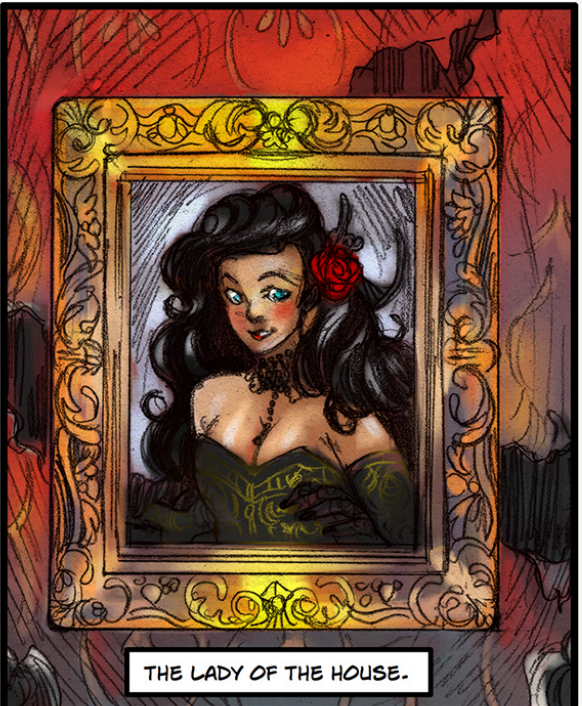
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AND GAZE AT THAT...



MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT...



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.